

The sky was grey and **dark** that day. The *rain* was coming down **hard**. Each **drop** hit my face with a **violence** most aggravating.
As I walked down main street I thought about what *he had said*. How much it **hurt**. His face was so emotionless, so...*still*.

Every word **stung**. Like someone was **stabbing** me with a *needle*.

HOW MANY TIMES had we had *this* conversation?

HOW MANY TIMES had he told me he *wouldn't* do it again.

HOW MANY TIMES had I *trusted* him to keep his word.

Why was I so **STUPID**?

How could I *believe* him?

He **deceived** me, he **manipulated** me and **I LET HIM**.

So many things were **running** through my mind at that *moment*.

Why wasn't I
enough?

Apparently *Jenny* was.

Jenny who was my **best friend**.

My **closest** confident.

I told her EVERYTHING, including EVERYTHING about my relationship with *Brent*.

What a *fool* I was.

What kind of girl *stays* with her boyfriend *after* he *cheats* on her?

Me.

I did.

I still don't completely understand why I did it.

I guess part of me believed it wasn't true, the *rumours* and all. The other part of my only remembered the birthday gifts and *butterfly kisses*.

As I neared my house, with it's wicker chairs on the *cherry* stained porch I knew I

had to **START OVER**.

Brent had been my life for *3* years and now I had *nothing*.

He had consumed my every *thought*, my every *action*.

Now all of a sudden I had to be *without* him.

He wasn't there to walk me home from school, or to call me when I walked in the door just to make sure I was safe.

That was all **gone** now.

I should forget it.

I should move on.

But I *can't*.

I *can't* move on.

I *can't* do the things I used to because I don't **remember** what I used to do.

I *can't* even talk to someone because my best friend is...well *no longer* my best friend.

What am I going to do?

I approached the *large oak* door and entered, not knowing what was to become of **HALLIE MARCOTTE**.

